

Good Morning 629

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



CALLING A.B. ALAN DIMMOCK

WE wonder whether it was fate that made us call at 2, Oakwood-road, Pinner, Middlesex, A.B. Alan Dimmock. Your mother told us that shortly before our visit a fortune-teller had told her that she would be very interested in a photograph in a newspaper, which certainly made us think.

We were unlucky in calling the day after Jimmy went back from a fortnight's leave,

or else we might have been able to include your sailor brother's contribution to this message from home. We are able to say, however, that he is in the best of health, as is John, who is still with the R.E.M.E. in Italy.

Stan called in to see your mother the other week while he was enjoying a short leave from the Navy, and he also wishes to be remembered to you.

Oiling the Wheels for A.B. Stan Bryant

IT looks as though you are going to have to hurry up and get home to 40, Wellington Avenue, Black Fen, Sidcup, Kent, A.B. Stan Bryant. There is going to be a big event in the family some time in the summer when your sister Mary can get her Land Army leave to coincide with Cliff's return from the R.A.F. in Holland.

Yes, you're right, they have decided to get married, and both want you home for the affair.

On the day we called at Wellington Avenue, your father was enjoying a day off from his bus, and he asked us to let you know that he is keeping your seat warm at the Granada.

That old motor-bike of dad's is still lying about the place, but he won't part with it, he says. He is also looking after your old bike well, and has thoroughly cleaned and oiled it for you so that it will be ready for the road as soon as you get home.

Gran is still keeping well, even if she is as old as the 72 years she claims. We must certainly say she doesn't look it.

She just popped in to say that she had got the bottle of beer and the piece of fish for her dinner, and she asked us to send you her love and tell

you that she is still your best girl.

Your father is still keeping up the good work making those toys for the various charities, which profit from his efforts.

He showed us his workshop and some of the toys he had made, and we must say they had the professional touch about them.

Until you get home to help him, he and the rest of the family wish you all the best, and are hoping you will be home for the wedding.



W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER Chevalier put Gloves on for Stage Debut

OUR friends of the Jolly Roger rarely refer to unpleasant subjects in their conversation, and, by tacit understanding, all talk of war and its attendant evils, pain and misery, is taboo, but occasionally it crops up in connection with some personality of the sporting world, as it did on this occasion. Nat Wilson had been speaking of the good work done by the brave Frenchmen of the underground movement, and was willing to wager that most of his old boxing friends were in it, with the notable exception of Georges Carpentier, who had been marked down by the patriots as one of the friends of the hated Boche to be dealt with as justice demanded at the proper time.

"I AM very glad to learn," said the guv'nor, "that the good name of Maurice Chevalier appears to have been cleared in this connection. Somehow or other, I couldn't quite believe it to be true when it was suggested, a good while back, that Chevalier had been collaborating with the Germans. It didn't sound right to me; and you know how you get that strong inner feeling about some things. Well, I felt sure there was some mistake in classing Chevalier as a collaborator. It all arose because he was known to have gone to Germany at a time when the Germans were trying to win over a number of prominent Frenchmen. Now the truth has come to light.

"He was enticed into Germany on the pretext that the French prisoners had asked for him. Like the good fellow I know him to be, he fell into this trap because he felt he could hardly refuse such a request from the more unfortunate of his countrymen. But when he reached Germany, he learned that the Nazis wanted him to sing in Berlin; to entertain Nazis—not his own countrymen."

"What did he do then?" asked Nat.

"I gather that he flatly refused," said the guv'nor, "and that sort of thing calls for cold-blooded pluck. Knowing the Nazis as he must have done by then, he could only feel that by refusing to do their bidding he was risking his life, or at least his liberty. It is surprising to me that after this they allowed him to return to France."

"I wonder how many people know," said Nat, "that Maurice Chevalier started out as a professional boxer? Not many, I'll bet. I remember it as if it were only last week, and yet it is a long time ago.

"He used to box fairly well, though I didn't see anything in his boxing that stamped him as a world-beater. He must have realised this, too, because he didn't stick at the game long, and had the good sense to see that in his case it would only have led to a blind alley."

"Did he ever box in England?" asked Jim Horton.

"Yes, he had a contest at a place then known as the



The Winning Smile

West London Stadium, in Edgware Road. I forget the name of his opponent, but I remember that Chevalier put up a good fight.

"That was just before the last war and all the young Frenchmen had to return to serve their country. I used to see Chevalier at the gymnasium off Soho, where most of the French boys used to gather, and he struck me then as a droll sort of bloke who was something of a comedian.

CHEVALIER'S FIRST SHOW

"It was my old friend Jimmy Lambert who fixed him up with a contest, and the place that was then known as the West London Stadium was one of London's oldest theatres with a very large stage, much bigger than the usual West End theatre stage. Although he probably never knew it at the time, I should think this could be written down as Chevalier's first appearance on the stage."

"That's a point worth remembering when I want to catch a few smart guys on betting for rounds of drinks," said Bernard, "but wasn't this Jimmy Lambert you just mentioned one of the old amateur champions?"

"No. That was his son, Alec, who won the A.B.A. featherweight championship in 1909, being the youngest amateur ever to win a championship. Jimmy had taught his boy from the time he was first able to balance himself on his two legs.

"Yes, he was one of the best instructors I ever knew," went

on Nat. "He was a prominent amateur in his day, and although he never actually won a championship, he was very rarely beaten.

"As a matter of fact, he was only once beaten in the whole of his career, and that was by C. T. Lamb, the bantam-weight champion in 1897."

"Lambert was the best little man I ever saw who could teach very short boxers how to overcome the disadvantage of height and reach when they ran up against it, as frequently happened. Lack of inches in height and reach is a big handicap to a boxer, but Lambert used to show how it could be minimised."

"Is he still knocking about the world?" asked Bernard.

"Yes, the last time I heard of him," said Nat, "was that he is officiating on the Board of Control. He is, I am glad to say, comfortably off these days. He deserves it."

"You see, when he struck a bad patch some years ago he didn't allow it to get him down. That West London Stadium I mentioned was actually the old Marylebone Theatre, and it was derelict when Jimmy first thought of the idea of putting it to use as a boxing hall. It didn't last long as an arena, and again fell into disuse."

"I think Lambert was bang on his uppers when he approached the owner of the place to allow him to turn it into a picture palace."

"The proprietor wouldn't spend any money on the theatre—said it was throwing good money after bad, as the place had a hoodoo on it—but if Lambert could do it on his own account he could try his luck. Poor old Jim. He couldn't raise any capital."

"Still, he set to work with his own hands and cleaned the place thoroughly; cadged the materials to re-decorate it as much as he could, and did it all himself. Eventually, he opened up at very cheap prices, and won through to make it a paying proposition."

"That was better than sitting down and waiting for something to turn up," said the guv'nor.

"Yes," answered Nat, "he never looked back from that moment. The owner of the theatre was a good sportsman. He saw what Jim had accomplished, and he gave him a generous share of the proceeds. What is more, he died a few years later and left a nice legacy to Jimmy Lambert."

"That's the sort of story I like to hear," said Jim, "but legacies will soon be a thing of the past if super-tax remains at nineteen-and-sixpence in the pound. The poor rich blokes will have very little remaining for the executors to hand out. It is what we might term the levelling-up process."

"So long as the levelling-up is carried out fairly, it should mean fewer poor people to need legacies."

"Before you fellows start in on politics," said the guv'nor, "I must tell you that Chevalier is not the only actor-comedian in the business who started out as a professional boxer. Now then, Nat, I'll bet you drinks that you don't name another off-hand, say, within the next five minutes; and you ought to know."

"You've certainly stumped me there, Bill," said Nat after a pause, during which he stirred his usually very good memory to the depths.

AND BRISSON'S LATEST.

"I thought I'd catch you out with that one," laughed the guv'nor. "I should have been hard put to have answered that question myself if it had been fired at me a few days ago. When I received a letter from

an old friend in America he mentioned—now I'm giving you the name—Carl Brisson."

"Why, of course," said Nat. "I remember that gink. You're right, though. I should never have been able to recall his name in a month of Sundays if you hadn't mentioned it, because, after all, it is many years since he has been heard of in this country."

"My friend had been doing a round of the night clubs in New York, according to his letter," said Bill, "and he thought I would be interested to know that the biggest star of the moment is none other than Carl Brisson. He mentions that Brisson is earning £500 a week."

"That should make your hair stand up, Nat. Another point he mentioned was that Brisson has only recently become a craze and the show people feel puzzled because he has been just an every-day, moderately paid performer for so many years."

"It appears that he has struck out as a kind of glamour boy to the fair, fat and forty dames who feel in need of a little romance before it is too late."

"Well, that tickles me," said Nat. "I can't be exact about it, but I'd be willing to bet that Brisson is now on the wrong side of fifty. I expect he wears well, and doesn't look his age. He was always a good-looking fellow. It was his good looks that gained him the fat salaries he was picking up here about twenty years ago in musical comedy."

"Is that the fellow you are talking about?" asked Bernard. "I remember him quite well. When Jimmy White bought Daly's Theatre, he gave Brisson his chance in musical comedy."

"All the girls—flappers, we used to call 'em in those days—used to line up at the stage door and throw kisses at him and mob him for his autograph and anything else they could get."

"Which wouldn't be much," said Nat. "He was well after the dough when I knew him, and he earned a high reputation as a tight-wad. To look at him, you would never have thought he had been a boxer. When he went on to the stage, one or two of the boys chipped him with remarks about leaving the fight game before he had had his good looks spoiled, but he didn't mind that, and offered to fight any of 'em in his spare time."

"No! I'll say he certainly wasn't a cissy. I met him almost as soon as he arrived in this country—he's a Dane, you know—and it was hard to find a trace of accent in his English. He turned up the boxing game because he soon found he couldn't make enough out of it; and now he is earning £500 a week in America, singing to middle-aged matrons in a night club. Why wasn't I born good-looking?"

"That is a conundrum none of us can answer," said the guv'nor, "and, anyway, as this isn't a night club I shall have to shout 'Time' until we meet again."

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

BAD MONEY MAKES GOOD SHOT

"MR. KILPATRICK!"

Nancy Derwent's indignant exclamation caused the deputy to flounder for a moment in attempting to explain that he had misquoted his own sentiments, and then he went on with the translation:—

"She says she's willing to take his place in the gaol if you'll let him out. She says she was down sick with the fever, and the doctor said she'd die if she didn't have medicine. That's why he passed the lead dollar on the drug store. She says it saved her life. This Rafael seems to be her honey, all right; there's a lot of stuff in her talk about love and such things that you don't want to hear."

It was an old story to the district attorney.

"Tell her," said he, "that I can do nothing. The case comes up in the morning, and he will have to make his fight before the court."

Nancy Derwent was not so hardened. She was looking with sympathetic interest at Joya Treviñas and at Littlefield alternately. The deputy re-

peated the district attorney's words to the girl. She spoke a sentence or two in a low voice, pulled her shawl closely about her face, and left the room.

"What did she say then?" asked the district attorney.

"Nothing special," said the deputy. "She said, 'If the life of the one—let's see how it went—Si la vida de ella á quien tu amas—If the life of the girl you love is ever in danger, remember Rafael Ortiz.'"

Kilpatrick strolled out through the corridor in the direction of the marshal's office.

"Can't you do anything for them, Bob?" asked Nancy. "It's such a little thing—just one counterfeit dollar—to ruin the happiness of two lives! She was in danger of death, and he did it to save her. Doesn't the law know the feeling of pity?"

"It hasn't a place in jurisprudence, Nan," said Little-

field, "especially in re the district attorney's duty. I'll promise you that the prosecution will not be vindictive; but the man is as good as convicted when the case is called. Witnesses will swear to his passing the bad dollar which I have in my pocket at this moment as 'Exhibit A.' There are no Mexicans on the jury, and it will vote Mr. Greaser guilty without leaving the box."

The plover-shooting was fine that afternoon, and in the excitement of the sport the case of Rafael and the grief of Joya Treviñas was forgotten. The district attorney and Nancy Derwent drove out from the town three miles along a smooth, grassy road, and then struck across a rolling prairie toward a heavy line of timber on Piedra Creek. Beyond this creek lay Long Prairie, the favourite haunt of the plover.

As they were nearing the creek they heard the galloping of a horse to their right and saw a man with black hair and a swarthy face riding toward the woods at a tangent, as if he had come up behind them.

"I've seen that fellow somewhere," said Littlefield, who had a memory for faces, "but I can't exactly place him. Some ranchman, I suppose, taking a short cut home."

They spent an hour on Long Prairie, shooting from the buckboard. Nancy Derwent, an active, outdoor Western girl, was pleased with her twelve-bore. She had bagged within two brace of her companion's score.

They started homeward at a gentle trot. When within a

hundred yards of Piedra Creek a man rode out of the timber directly toward them.

"It looks like the man we saw coming over," remarked Miss Derwent.

As the distance between them lessened, the district attorney suddenly pulled up his team

sharply, with his eyes fixed upon the advancing horseman.

That individual had drawn a Winchester from its scabbard on his saddle and thrown it over his arm.

"Now I know you, Mexico Sam!" muttered Littlefield to

himself. "It was you who shook your rattles in that gentle epistle."

Mexico Sam did not leave things long in doubt. He had a nice eye in all matters relating to firearms, so when he was within good rifle range, but outside of danger from No. 8 shot, he threw up his Winchester and opened fire upon the occupants of the buckboard.

The first shot cracked the back of the seat within the two-inch space between the shoulders of Littlefield and Miss Derwent. The next went through the dashboard and Littlefield's trouser leg.

The district attorney hustled Nancy out of the buckboard to the ground. She was a little pale, but asked no questions. She had the frontier instinct that accepts conditions in an emergency without superfluous argument. They kept their guns in hand, and Littlefield hastily gathered some handfuls of cartridges from the pasteboard box on the seat and crowded them into his pockets.

"Keep behind the horses, Nan," he commanded. "That fellow is a ruffian. I sent to prison once. He's trying to get even. He knows our shot won't hurt him at that distance."

"All right, Bob," said Nancy steadily. "I'm not afraid. But you come close, too. Whoa, Bess; stand still now!"

She stroked Bess's mane. Littlefield stood with his gun ready, praying that the desperado would come within range.

But Mexico Sam was playing his vendetta along safe lines. He was a bird of different (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A tympanum is a musical instrument. Zulu hat. Burmese temple, ear-drum, loud noise?

2. In what sport would you use an epee?

3. What is the difference between (a) egret, (b) eglet?

4. What are the meanings of the girls' names, (a) Edith, (b) Pamela?

5. Is there a note "H" in music?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Oak, Elm, Beech, Birch, Ash, Poplar, Willow.

Answers to Quiz in No. 628

1. Russian hat.
2. Yorkshire.
3. (a) Scottish dish, (b) Hawthorn (May bush).
4. (a) Grace, (b) Night sky.
5. Dance to it.
6. Sundial does not require winding or manipulating others do.



"Ah! Now Where was I?"

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



FROM Sub-Lieut. (A.) Terry Rogers, R.N.V.R., I have this letter—written to you:—

Long, long ago, when "Far East draft" still meant some other poor devil, we occasionally used to get leave. Rather than spend it on entirely selfish pursuits, we preferred to pass our time testing the quality of the beer in various London pubs. To our great surprise, we frequently found submariners with the same altruistic object.

One evening we got together and had a quiet natter over a drink or six. As is usually the case with flying types, our conversation degenerated into a mere hemp-swinging contest—with due regard to security, of course!

From the terrifying galaxy of yarns from both sides, we found that besides the relentless pursuit of beer, the two branches have a great deal in common. You might think that the Air Branch is the exact physical opposite of your Service, but, after all, aircraft are used for reconnaissance, patrols, shadowing and raiding, in much the same way as submarines. One great point of agreement is the absence of bull in both Services.

★

I ASSUME that the efficiency of you chaps is in no way impaired by the lack of it. Ours certainly isn't, and I cannot imagine our functioning at all without our characteristic free-and-easy attitude. Sometimes we are lucky, and get long periods ashore in Naval Air Stations.

Owing to your lack of space, everyone in a submarine has to be an expert in his own department. The same applies in a carrier, as we, too, have a high proportion of technical types.

However, most of these correspond to the chaps on your depot ships, and it is there that the big difference between you and us lies. We, the aircrews, do not have to live in our kits.

In fact, I can say from experience that it is exceedingly difficult even to get one's head down. I have seen how you fellows live, and all I can say is, "Good luck—you deserve it!"

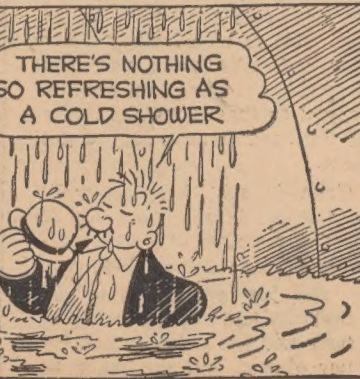
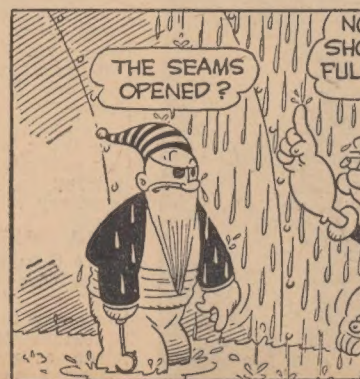
BEELEZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words

No. 568

1. Behead the boss and get a plant.
2. In the following first line of a rhyme both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Thidgel tibe tel krab ot gods dan.*
3. What famous explorer had NS for the exact middle of his name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Let us — the downs for a long week end.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 567

1. B-urns.
2. A little help is worth a lot of pity.
3. DamPier.
4. Tub, but.

JANE



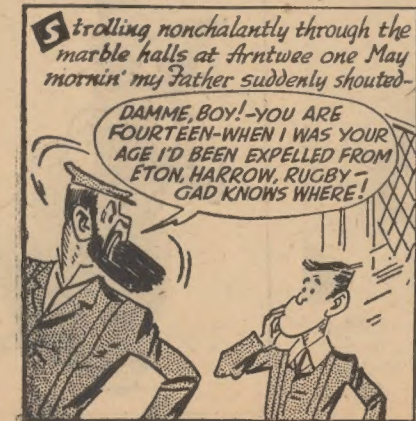
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



One Dollar's Worth

(Continued from Page 2)

feather from the plover. His accurate eye drew an imaginary line of circumference around the area of danger from bird-shot, and upon this line he rode. His horse wheeled to the right, and as his victims rounded to the safe side of their equine breastwork he sent a ball through the district attorney's hat.

Once he miscalculated in making a detour and overstepped his margin. Littlefield's gun flashed, and Mexico Sam ducked his head to the harmless patter of the shot. A few of them stung his horse, which pranced promptly back to the safety line.

The desperado fired again. A little cry came from Nancy Derwent. Littlefield whirled, with blazing eyes, and saw the blood trickling down her cheek.

"I'm not hurt, Bob—only a splinter struck me. I think he hit one of the wheel-

spokes." "Lord!" groaned Littlefield. "If I only had a charge of buckshot!"

The ruffian got his horse still and took careful aim. Fly gave a snort and fell in the harness, struck in the neck. Bess, now disabused of the idea that plover were being fired at, broke her traces and galloped wildly away. Mexican Sam sent a ball neatly through the fulness of Nancy Derwent's shooting jacket.

"Lie down—lie down!" snapped Littlefield. "Close to the horse—flat on the ground—so." He almost threw her upon the grass against the back of the recumbent Fly. Oddly enough, at that moment the words of the Mexican girl returned to his mind:

"If the life of the girl you love is ever in danger, remember Rafael Ortiz." Littlefield uttered an exclamation.

"Open fire on him, Nan, across the horse's back! Fire as fast as you can! You can't hurt him, but keep him dodging shot for one minute while I try to work a little scheme."

Nancy gave a quick glance at Littlefield, and saw him take out his pocket-knife and open it. Then she turned her face to obey orders, keeping up a rapid fire at the enemy.

Mexico Sam waited patiently until this innocuous fusillade ceased. He had plenty of time, and he did not care to risk the chance of a bird-shot in his eye when it could be avoided by a little caution. He pulled his heavy Stetson low down over his face until the shots ceased. Then he drew a little nearer, and fired with careful aim at what he could see of his victims above the fallen horse.

Neither of them moved. He urged his horse a few steps nearer. He saw the district attorney rise to one knee and deliberately level his shotgun. He pulled his hat down and awaited the harmless rattle of the tiny pellets.

The shotgun blazed with a heavy report. Mexico Sam sighed, turned limp all over, and slowly fell from his horse—a dead rattlesnake.

At ten o'clock the next morning court opened, and the case of the United States versus Rafael Ortiz was called. The district attorney, with his arm in a sling, rose and addressed the court.

"May it please your honour," he said, "I desire to enter a *nolle pros.* in this case. Even though the defendant should be guilty, there is not sufficient evidence in the hands of the government to secure a conviction. The piece of counterfeit coin upon the identity of which the case was built is not now available as evidence. I ask, therefore, that the case be stricken off."

At the noon recess Kilpatrick strolled into the district attorney's office.

"I've just been down to take a squint at old Mexico Sam," said the deputy. "They've got him laid out. Old Mexico was

a tough outfit, I reckon. The boys was wonderin' down there what you shot him with. Some said it must have been nails. I never see a gun carry anything to make holes like he had."

"I shot him," said the district attorney, "with Exhibit A of your counterfeiting case. Lucky thing for me—and somebody else—that it was as bad money as it was! It sliced up into slugs very nicely. Say, Kil, can't you go down to the jacals and find where that Mexican girl lives? Miss Derwent wants to know."

THE END

ALEX CRACK

"But, doctor," said the man in bed, "your diagnosis of my case is quite different from that of the other two doctors."

"Yes, I know," said the surgeon, "but I'm ready to bet a fiver that the post-mortem will prove I'm right."

Brass Bands

BRASS bands have been on the air since the very beginning of broadcasting. The tradition was started by the Crystal Palace Band from Marconi House in 1921, and since then brass band broadcasts have been steadily moving forward in number and quality. Now there are as many as thirty regular broadcasting bands, not to mention almost twice that number which occur in the programmes from time to time.

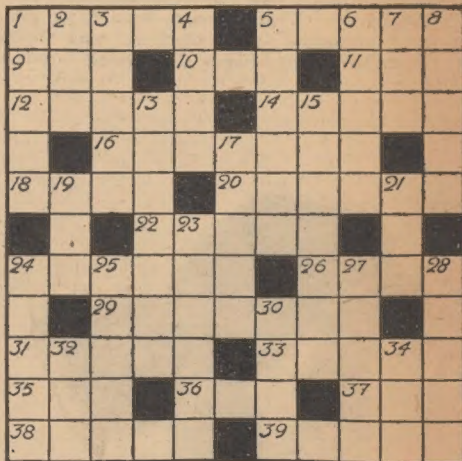
As well as the usual half-hour broadcasts of brass band music, during the past two years massed band festivals have been taking place in different parts of the country. These have been broadcast from places as widely spread as Newcastle, Edinburgh, Manchester, Glasgow, Wales, Wolverhampton, Huddersfield, and, of course, London, and since the birth of the idea at the beginning of 1943 thirteen of these festivals have been held.

It is acknowledged that the brass bands of this country—and there are nearly two thousand of them—are the best in the world. Their progress in recent years has been phenomenal, and their achievements have won the critical respect of some of the finest musicians in the country. Described as "the working man's symphony orchestra," their contribution to music has been of a peculiarly democratic kind.

DICK GORDON.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SOAP TOURED
EXCISE PERI
NETTLED GAS
IN HIT FISH
O'S CHROME
RUCHE EXERT
PRUDES NO
BRIG JUG SW
LOB DEMESNE
USED CEREAL
RESORT MAPS



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Restrict, 5 Hose, 9 Pronoun, 10 Kindled, 11 Vessel brim, 12 Over, 14 Hold forth, 16 Illness, 18 Rent, 20 Ram, 22 Stage turn, 24 Useless, 26 Vegetable, 29 Part of plant, 31 Wet, 33 Positive tree, 35 Hide for leather, 36 Pole, 37 Adult, 38 Horse, 39 Postulate.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Sea-board, 2 Subject to friction, 3 Scent, 4 Excuse, 5 Filched, 6 Conflict, 7 Outfit, 8 Weapon, 13 Translation, 15 Recaptured, 17 Melodious, 19 Bird, 21 Fish, 23 Sated, 24 Branches, 25 Nonsense, 27 Particles, 28 Happening, 30 Source of light, 32 Islet, 34 Welsh boy.

Good Morning

If Elaine Riley looks a trifle perplexed to you, as though she can't quite make up her mind, there's a very good reason for it. Ever since RKO Radio announced that her next picture was to be, "Come, Share My Love," she has been inundated with offers from hopeful, would-be sharers! That reminds us: "Boy, get Hollywood on the line."



OLDEST PUB IN BRITAIN.

Ye Olde Cross Keys in St. Mary Street, Swansea claims to be the oldest licensed house in the United Kingdom. The licence was first granted in 1332, and records show that it was visited by Queen Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell — but not together!



"Come here at once, Junior. Mother says you're to leave that manhole cover alone. You know what a butterfingers you are — you'll only drop it and break it!"



Our globe-trotting photographer writes: "These Yoruba girls were photographed at Lagos, West Africa, on their wedding morning. The beautiful gold filigree jewellery and head-clothes show that they belong to a well-to-do family." If their old man has got as much money as that, the wonder is our photographer didn't propose to them!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Always marry a girl with a little behind."

